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25210 f. 3

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THE ENGLISH ARCHER, OR ROBIN HOOD's GARLAND.

I'll send this Arrow from my Bow;
And in a Wager will be bound,
To hit the Mark aright, although
It were for Fifteen Hundred Pounds:
Doubt not, I'll make the Wager good,
Or ne'er believe bold ROBIN HOOD.

LICHFIELD: Printed and Sold by M. MORGAN.

TO ALL

GENTLEMEN ARCHERS.

THIS Garland has been long out of Repair,
Four Songs was wanting as we give account,
Yet now at last by true industrious care,
The sixteen to twenty-seven we mount:
Which large additions needs must please I know,
All the ingenious Yeomen of the Bow.

To read how Robin Hood and Little John,
Brave Scarlet, Stutely, valiant bold and free,
Each of them bravely, fairly play'd the Man,
While they did reign beneath the Greenwood Tree.
Bishops, Friars, likewise many more,
Parted with their Gold for to increase their Store,
But never would they rob or wrong the Poor.

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PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

Courteous Reader,

IT is to be observed that various has been the Reports of the Birth and Parentage of our famous Out-law Robin Hood, yet through industrious care and diligent search, we find him to be the undoubted Son of a Noble Personage, *viz.* The Head Ranger in the North of England; his Mother was the Daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of Warwick; his Uncle Squire Gamwell, of Gamwell-hall, as you shall find more at large in the following Songs, some of which have, for many Years, been omitted out of this GARLAND; but in this Edition they have been carefully collected and placed in their order, for the Satisfaction of all ingenious Yeomen of the Bow, and Lovers of the Memory of Robin Hood.

By their humble Servant,

S—— M——,

25210 f. 39

Table of the SONGS.

1 ROBIN HOOD's Parentage and Birth.
2 Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham.
3 Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield.
4 Robin Hood and the Bishop.
5 Robin Hood and the Butcher.
6 Robin Hood and the Tanner.
7 Robin Hood and the Jolly Tinker.
8 Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale.
9 Robin Hood and the Shepherd.
10 Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar.
11 Robin Hood reviv'd.
12 Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.
13 Robin Hood's Chase.
14 Robin Hood's Golden Prize.
15 Robin Hood rescuing Will. Stutely.
16 Robin Hood's Preferment.
17 Robin Hood's Delight.
18 Robin Hood and the Beggar.
19 Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon.
20 Little John and the four Beggars.
21 Robin Hood and the Ranger.
22 Robin Hood and Little John.
23 Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford.
24 Robin Hood rescuing the Three Squires from Nottingham Gallows.
25 The King's Disguise and Friendship with Robin Hood.
26 Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.
27 Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight.

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Robin Hood's Garland.

1. The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of *Robin Hood*, with *Clorinda*, Queen of Titbury Feast.

Suppoſed to be related by the *Fidler* who play'd at their *Wedding*.

KIND Gentleman, will you be ſilent awhile?
Ay, and then you ſhall hear anon,
A very good Ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his Man brave Little John.
In Lockſley Town, in merry Nottinghamſhire,
In merry ſweet Lockſley Town,
There bold Robin Hood was born and bred,
Bold Robin of famous Renown.
The Father of Robin a Foreſter was,
And he ſhot with a luſty ſtrong Bow,
Two North Country Miles and an Inch at a Shot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know;
For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William a Clowdel lee,
To ſhoot with our Foreſter for forty Marks,
And the Foreſter beat them all three.
His Mother was Niece to the Coventry Knight,
Which Warwickſhire Men call Sir Guy,
For he ſlew the Blue Boar that hangs up at the Gate,
Or my Hoſt at the Bull tells a Lie.
Her Brother was Gamewell, of Great Gamewell-hall,
A noble Houſekeeper was he,

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Ay, as ever broke Bread in ſweet Nottinghamſhire,
And a 'Squire of famous Degree,
The Mother of Robin, ſaid to her Huſband,
My Honey, my Love, and my Dear,
Let Robin and I ride this Morning to Gamewell.
To taſte of my Brother's good Cheer.
And he ſaid, I grant thee thy Boon gentle Joan;
Take one of my Horſes I pray.
The Sun is ariſing, and therefore make haſte,
For To-morrow is Chriſtmas-day.
Then Robin Hood's Grey Gelding was brought,
And ſaddled and bridled was he;
God wot a blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,
And a Cloak that did reach to his Knee.
She got on her Holiday Kirtle and Gown,
They were all of a Lincoln Green;
The Cloth was Home-ſpun, but for colour and make
It might have beſeemed a Queen.
And then Robin got on his Baſket hilt Sword,
And his Dagger on the other Side,
And ſaid, my dear Mother, let's haſte to be gone,
We have forty long Miles to ride.
When Robin was mounted on his Gelding ſo grey,
His Father without any more Trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
For his Gelding had oft carried double.
And when ſhe was ſettled, they rode to their Neighbours
And drank and ſhook Hands with them all;
And then Robin gallop'd, and never gave o'er,
'Till the lighted at Gamewell Hall.
And now you may think the right worſhipful 'Squire,
Was joyful his Siſter to ſee;
For he kiſs'd her, and kiſs'd her, and ſwore a great Oath
Thou art welcome kind Siſter, to me.
The Morrow when Maſs had been ſaid in the Chapel,
Six Tables were covered in the Hall,
And in comes the 'Squire, and makes a ſhort Speech,
It was Gentlemen, you're welcome all.
But not a Man here ſhall taſte my March Beer,
'Till a Chriſtmas Carol he does ſing;

Then

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Then all clap'd their Hands, and shouted and Sung,
'Till the Hall and the Parlour did ring.
Now Mustard and Brawn, Roast Beef and Plumb Pies,
Were set upon every Table:
And noble George Gamewell said eat and be merry,
And drink too as long as you're able.
When Dinner was ended, his Chaplain said Grace;
And be merry, my Friends, said the Squire;
It rains and it blows, but call for more Ale,
And lay some more Wood on the Fire.
And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine Lad,
At Gambols and Juggling, and twenty such Tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad.
When Little John came, to Gambols they went,
Both Gentlemen, Yeomen, and Clown;
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.
And now you may think the right worshipful 'Squire
Was joyful this Sight for to see;
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou go'st no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me:
Thou shalt have my Land when I die, and 'till then,
Thou shalt be the Staff of my Age.
Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, said Robin,
That Little John may be my Page.
And he said, kind Cousin, I grant thee thy Boon;
With all my Heart, so let it be.
Then come hither Little John, said Robin Hood,
Come hither my Page unto me:
Go fetch me my Bow, my longest Bow,
And broad Arrows, one, two, or three;
For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into Sherwood,
Some merry Pastime to see.
When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
He winded his Bugle so clear;
And twice five and twenty good Yeomen and bold,
Before Robin Hood did appear.
Where are your Companions all, said Robin Hood?
For still I want forty and three;

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Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under a Greenwood Tree.
As that Word was ſpoke, Clorinda came by,
The Queen of the Shepherds was ſhe;
And her Gown was of a Velvet as green as the Graſs,
And her Buſkin did reach to her Knee;
Her Gait it was graceful, her Body was ſtraight,
And her Countenance it was free from Pride;
A Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows,
Hung dangling by her ſweet Side;
Her Eye Brows were black, aye, and ſo was her Hair,
And her Skin was as ſmooth as Glaſs,
Her Viſage ſpoke Wiſdom and Modeſty too.
Robin Hood ſaid, ſhe's a fine Laſs!
Says Robin Hood, fair Lady, whither away?
O whither, fair Lady, away?
And ſhe made him Anſwer, to kill a fat Buck,
For To morrow is Tibury Day.
Said Robin Hood, fair Lady, will you wander with me
A little to yonder green Bower,
There ſit down to reſt you, and you ſhall be ſure,
Of a Brace, or a Leaſh, in an Hour.
And as we were going towards the green Bower,
Two hundred good Bucks we eſpy'd;
She choſe out the fatteſt that was in the Herd,
And thro' him thro' Side and Side.
By the Faith of my Body, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
I never ſaw Woman like thee:
And com'ſt thou from Eaſt, or com'ſt thou from Weſt,
Thou need'ſt not beg Veniſon of me,
However, along to my Bower you ſhall go,
And taſte of a Forester's Meat;
And when we came thither, we found as good Cheer,
As any Man needs for to eat,
For there was hot Veniſon, and Warden Pies cold,
Cream clouted, and Honey-comb plenty,
And the Servitors, they were, beſide Little John,
Good Yeomen, at leaſt four and twenty.
Clorinda ſaid, Tell me your Name, gentle Sir;
And he ſaid, 'tis bold Robin Hood;

Squire

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'Squire Gamewell's my Uncle, but all my Delight,
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood;
For 'tis a fine Life, and 'tis void of all Strife,
So 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd.
But oh, said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my Bride!
She blush'd at the Motion; yet, after a Pause,
Said, Yes Sir, and with all my Heart;
Then let us send for a Priest, said Robin Hood,
And be married before we do part;
But she said, it may not be so, gentle Sir,
For I must be at Titbury Feast:
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him the most welcome Guest.
Said Robin Hood, reach me that Buck Little John,
For I'll go along with my Dear;
And bid my Yeomen kill six Brace of Bucks,
And meet me To-morrow just here.
Before she had ridden five Staffordshire Miles,
Eight Yeomen that were too bold,
Bid bold Robin Hood stand, and deliver his Bucks,
A truer Tale never was told.
I will not, faith, said bold Robin, come John,
Stand by me, and we'll beat them all. ['em,
Then both drew their Swords, and so cut 'em & slash'd
That Five of the Eight did fall.
The three that remain'd, call'd to Robin for Quarter,
And pitiful John begg'd their Lives, [Counsel,
When John's Boon was granted, he gave them good
And so sent them home to their Wives.
This Battle was fought near to Titbury Town,
Where the Bagpipes baited the Bull;
I'm the King of the Fidlers, and I sware 'tis Truth;
And I call him that doubts it a Gull;
For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while;
And Clorindn sung, 'Hey derry down!
'The Bumkins are beat; put up thy Sword Bob;
And now let us dance into the town.
Before we came in it we heard a strange shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly!

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For ſome were a bull-back, ſome dancing a morrice,
And ſome ſinging Arthur a Bradley.
And there we ſaw Thomas, our Juſtices Clerk,
And Mary to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and Mary call'd madam,
And kiſs'd her full ſweetly behind;
And ſo may your worſhips. But went to Dinner,
With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
Bold Robin was a fine man.
When dinner was ended, Sir Roger the parſon,
Of Dubbridge was ſent for in haſte;
He brought his maſs book, and bid them take hands,
And he join'd them in marriage full faſt.
And then, as bold Robin Hood and his ſweet bride,
Went hand and hand unto the green bower,
The birds ſung with pleaſure in merry Sherwood,
And it was a moſt joyful hour.
And when Robin came in ſight of the bower,
Where are my Yeomen? ſaid he;
And Little John anſwer'd, lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under a greenwood tree.
Then a garland they brought her, by two and two,
And placed it on the bride's head;
The muſic ſtruck up, and we all fell to dancing,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom were a-bed.
And what they did there muſt be counſel to me,
Becauſe they lay long the next day;
And I made haſte home; but I got a good piece
Of the bride's cake, and ſo came away.
Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That married they were with a ring;
And ſo will Nan Knight, or be bury'd a maiden,
And now let us pray for the King.
That he may get children, and they may get more,
To govern and do us ſome good,
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bowes,
And ſing them in merry Sherwood.

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2. ROBIN HOOD's Progress to *Nottingham*, in which he slew Fifteen *Foresters*.

To the Tune of *Robin Hood*, &c.

ROBIN HOOD was a tall young man,
Derry, derry down,
Full fifteen Winters old,
And Robin Hood was a proper young man,
Of Courage stout and bold,
Heydown, derry, derry down.
Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
With the General for to dine,
There was he aware of fifteen Foresters,
Drinking, beer, ale, and wine.
What news? what news? said bold Robin Hood,
What news fain wouldst thou know?
Our King has provided a shooting match,
And I am ready with my bow.
We hold it in scorn, said the fifteen Foresters,
That ever a boy so young,
Should bear a bow before our King,
That's not able to draw a string.
I'll hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,
By the leave of our Lady,
That I'll hit the mark an hundred rood,
And I'll cause a Hart to die.
We'll hold you twenty marks, then said the Foresters,
By the leave of our Lady,
Thou hit not the mark an hundred rood,
Nor cause the Hart to die.
Robin Hood, he bent up a noble good bow,
And a broad arrow he let fly;
He hit the mark an hundred rood,
And caused a Hart to die.
Some say he broke ribs one or two,
And some say he broke three;
The arrow in the Hart could not abide,
But glanc'd in two or three.
The Hart did skip, and the Hart did leap,

And

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And the Hart lay on the ground;
The wager is mine, said Robin Hood,
If it were for a thousand pounds.
The wager is none of thine, said the Forester,
Although thou be'st in haste;
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,
Lest we thy sides should baste.
Robin Hood took up his noble good bow,
And his broad arrows all amain,
And Robin being pleas'd, began to smile,
As he went over the plain.
Then Robin he bent his noble good bow,
And his broad arrows he let fly,
'Till fourteen of the fifteen Foresters,
Upon the ground did lie
He that did the quarrel first begin,
Went tripping over the plain;
But Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
And fetch'd him back again.
You said I was no Archer, said Robin Hood,
But say so now again;
With that he sent another arrow after him,
Which split his head in twain.
You have found me an archer, said bold Robin Hood,
Which will make your Wives to wring,
And wish that you had never said the word,
That I could not have drawn one string.
The people that did live in fair Nottingham
Came running out amain,
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
With the Foresters that were slain.
Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
And some did lose their blood;
But Robin he took up his noble good bow,
And is gone to the merry Greenwood.
They carried these Foresters to fair Nottingham,
As many there did know;
They digg'd them graves in their church-yard,
And they bury'd them all on a row.

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3. Shewing how the Jolly PINDER of Wakefield, fought with ROBIN HOOD, WILL. SCARLET, and LITTLE JOHN, on a long Summer's Day.

To an excellent Northern Tune.

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly Pinder,
In Wakefield all on the Green,
In Wakefield all on the Green;
There is neither Knight nor 'Squire, said the Pinder,
Nor *Baron* so bold,
Nor *Baron* so bold,
Dare make a trespas on the town of Wakefield;
But his pledge goes to the pinfold,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.
All this he heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,
With that they espy'd the jolly Pinder,
As he sat under a thorn.
Now turn again, now turn again, said the Pinder,
For I wrong way you have gone,
For you have forsaken the King's highway,
And made a path over the corn.
O that were a shame, said jolly Robin,
We being three and thou but one.
The Pinder leap'd back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.
He lean'd his back fast to a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long Summer's day,
And a Summer's day so long;
'Till that their swords in their broad buckler,
Were broken fast in their hands.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men every one,
For this is one of the best Pinders,
That ever I try'd with a sword,
And wilt thou now forsake thy Pinder's craft,
And live in the Greenwood with me?
At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out,

When

When every man gathers his fee,
Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand,
And plod to the Greenwood with thee.
Hast either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me?
I have both bread and beef, said the Pinder,
And good ale of the best;
And that's good meat enough, said Robin Hood,
For such unbidden guests.
O wilt thou forsake thy Pinder's craft,
And go to the Greenwood with me?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green, and the other brown.
If Michaelmas once was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
That would I set as little by him,
As my master doth by me.

4. Shewing how ROBIN HOOD went to an Old Woman's House, and changed Clothes with her, to Escape from the Bishop, and how he robbed him of all his Gold, and made him sing Mass.

COME gentlemen all and listen awhile,
With a hey down, down and a down,
And a story to you I'll unfold;
I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the bishop,
When he robbed him of his gold.
As it fell out on a sun shining day,
When Phœbus was in his prime,
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time.
And as he walk'd the forest along,
Some pastime for to 'spy,
There was he aware of a proud bishop,
And all his company.
O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
If the bishop he doth me take?
No mercy he'll shew unto me I know;

Therefore

Therefore away I'll flee.
Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,
And a little house did he spy;
And to an old wife, to save his life,
He aloud began to cry.
Why, who art thou, said the old woman,
Come tell to me for good?
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.
And yonder's the bishop and all his men;
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work my spite,
And hanged I shall be.
If thou be Robin Hood, said the old woman,
As thou dost seem to me,
I'll for thee provide, thy person to hide,
From the bishop and his company.
For I remember one Saturday night,
Thou brought'st me both shoes and hose;
Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.
Then give me soon thy coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of green.
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen.
And when that Robin Hood was thus array'd,
He went strait to his company;
With his spindle and twine, he oft looks behind,
For the bishop and his company.
O who is yonder, quoth little John,
That now comes over the lee?
An arrow at her I will let fly,
So like an old witch looks she.
Hold thy hands, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,
And shoot not thy arrows so keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
As quickly shall be seen.
The bishop he came to the old woman's house,
And called with a furious mood,
Come let me see, and bring unto me,

That

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That traitor Robin Hood.
The old woman he ſet on a milk white ſteed,
Himſelf on a dapple grey;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.
But as they were riding along,
The biſhop he chanc'd for to ſee,
A hundred brave bowmen, Sout and bold,
Stand under the Greedwood tree.
O who is yonder the biſhop then ſaid,
That's ranging within yonder wood?
Marry, ſaid the old woman, I think it is he,
A man called Robin Hood.
Why, who art thou? the biſhop he ſaid,
Which I have here with me;
Why, I am a woman, thou tuckoldly biſhop,
Lift up my leg and ſee.
Then woe is me, the biſhop he ſaid,
That ever I ſaw this day!
He turn'd him about, but Robin Hood ſtout,
Call'd to him, and bid him ſtay.
Then Robin took hold of the biſhop's horſe,
And tied him faſt to a tree;
Then Little John ſmil'd his maſter upon,
For joy of his company.
Robin Hood he took his mantle from his back,
And ſpread it upon the ground,
And out of the biſhop's portmanteau he
Soon told five hundred pounds.
Now let him go, ſaid Robin Hood;
Said Little John that muſt not be,
For I vow and proteſt he ſhall ſing us a maſs,
Before that he goes from me.
Then Robin Hood he took the biſhop by the hand,
And bound him faſt to a tree,
And made him ſing a maſs, god wot
To him and his yeomandre.
And then they brought him through the wood,
And ſet him on his dapple grey,
And gave him the tail within his hand;
And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

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5. ROBIN HOOD and the BUTCHER.

Shewing how he robb'd the Sheriff of *Nottingham*.

Tune of *Robin Hood* and the *Beggar*.

COME all you brave gallants, liſten awhile,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are this bower within;
For of bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
A ſong I intend to ſing.
Upon a time it chanced ſo,
Bold Robin in the foreſt did eſpy,
A jolly butcher with a fine mare,
With his fleſh to market did hie.
Good morrow, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
What food haſt thou, tell unto me;
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou doſt dwell,
For I like well thy company.
The butcher he anſwer'd jolly Robin,
No matter where I do dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham,
I am going my fleſh to ſell.
What's the price of thy fleſh? ſaid jolly Robin,
Come tell it unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be ſhe ever ſo dear,
For a butcher I fain would be.
The price of my fleſh, the butcher reply'd,
I ſoon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, they are not dear,
Four marks thou muſt give unto me.
Four marks I will give thee, ſaid jolly Robin,
Four marks it ſhall be thy fee;
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be.
Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin;
With a good intent to the ſheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn.
When other butchers did open their ſhops,
Bold Robin he then began;

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But how for to sell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.
When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin he got both gold and fee;
For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for three.
But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for five;
Which made the butchers of Nottingham,
To study as they did stand,
Saying, surely he was some prodigal,
That had sold his father's land.
The butchers stepped up to jolly Robin,
Acquainted with him to be;
Come brother, one said, we be all of one trade,
Come will you go dine with me?
Accurs'd be his heart, said jolly Robin,
That a butcher will deny;
I will go with you my brethren true,
As fast as I can hie.
But when they to the sheriff's house came,
To dinner they hied apace;
And Robin Hood he the man must be,
Before them all to say grace.
Pray God bless us all, said jolly Robin,
And our meat within this place;
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,
And so I end my grace.
Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
Let's be merry while we stay;
For wine and good cheer, be it ever so dear,
I vow I the reck'ning will pay.
Come brothers, be merry, said jolly Robin,
Let's drink, and ne'er give o'er,
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it cotts me five pounds or more.
This is a mad blade, the butchers then said,
Says the sheriff he's some prodigal,

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That some land has sold for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all.
Hast thou any horned beasts, said the sheriff,
Good fellow to sell to me?
Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three:
And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you please it for to see;
And I'll make you a good assurance of it,
As ever my father did me.
The sheriff he saddled his good Palfrey,
And took three hundred pounds in gold;
And away he went with Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.
Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forest of merry Sherwood;
Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day,
From a man they call Robin Hood.
But when a little further they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy
An hundred head of good fallow deer,
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.
How like you my horned beasts, good master sheriff,
They be fat and fair to see.
I tell thee good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.
Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts two or three,
Then quickly and anon there came Little John,
And all his company.
What is your will, master, then said Little John,
I pray come tell unto me?
I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham,
This day to dine with thee.
He is welcome to me, then said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it were but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day.
Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground;

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And out of the sheriff's portmanteau he
Soon told five hundred pounds.
Then Robin he brought him thro' the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey;
O have me commended to your wife at home,
So Robin went laughing away.

6. ROBIN HOOD and the TANNER;
Or, ROBIN HOOD met with his Match.

Tune of *Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

IN Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland:
There is never a 'squire in Nottinghamshire,
Dare bid bold Arthur to stand.
With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he makes them to flee,
For he hath no list to stay.
And as he went forth one summer's morning,
Into the forest of merry Sherwood,
To view the red deer, which run here and there,
There met he bold Robin Hood.
And as soon as bold Robin did him espy,
He thought he some sport would make;
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
And thus unto him he spake,
Why, who art thou, thou bold fellow,
That ranges so boldly here?
In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a thief,
That comes to steal our king's deer.
For I am a keeper in this forest,
The king puts me in trust,
To look to his deer, that run here and there?
Therefore stop thee I must.
If thou be'st a keeper in this forest,
And hast such a great command,

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Yet you muſt have more partakers in ſtore,
Before you make me to ſtand.
No, I have no partakers in ſtore,
Or any that I do need,
But I have a ſtaff of another oak graft,
I know it will do the deed.
For thy ſword and thy bow I care not a ſtraw,
Nor all thy arrows to boot;
If thou get's a knock upon thy ſcop,
Thou can'ſt as well ſhite as ſhoot.
Speak cleanly, good fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
And give better terms unto me,
Elſe I'll correct thee for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.
Marry gap with a wannion, quoth Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou ſuch a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking ſo big,
Mend yourſelf where you can.
Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow ſo long,
He took up his ſtaff of another oak graft,
That was both ſtiff and ſtrong.
I yield to thy weapon, ſaid jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine;
For I have a ſtaff of another oak graft,
Not half a foot longer than thine,
But let me meaſure, ſaid jolly Robin,
Before we begin the fray;
For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
For that will be counted foul play.
I paſs not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My ſtaff is of oak ſo free;
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.
Then Robin could no longer forbear,
But gave him a very good knock;
But quickly and ſoon the blood it ran down,
Before it was ten o'clock.
Then Arthur ſoon recover'd himſelf,
And gave him a knock on the crown,

That from every side of Robin Hood's head
The blood ran trickling down.
Then Robin Hood raged like a wild boar,
As soon as he saw his own blood,
Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast,
As if he had been cleaving of wood,
And about, and about, about they went,
Like two wild boars in a chace,
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, arm, or any other place.
And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
Which held for two hours or more,
That all the wood rang, at every bang,
They ply'd their work so sore.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And let our quarrel fall:
For here we thrash our bones to mash,
And get no coin at all.
And in the forest of merry Sherwood,
Hereafter thou shalt be free:
God ha'mercy for nought, my freedom I bought,
I may thank my good staff, and not thee.
What tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin,
Good fellow I prithee me show?
And also tell me in what place you dwell?
For both of these fain would I know.
I am a tanner bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,
I'll tan thy hide for nought.
God ha'mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
Since thou art so kind and free,
And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
I'll do as much for thee.
And if thou wilt forsake thy tanner's trade,
To live in the greenwood with me;
My name is Robin Hood, I swear by the wood,
To give both gold and fee.
If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
As I think well thou art;
Then here's my hand, my name is Arthur-a-Bland,

We two will never part.
But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
Of him I fain would hear;
For we are ally'd, by the mother's ſide,
And he is my kinſman near.
Then Robin Hood blew on his bugle horn,
He blew ſo loud and ſhrill;
And quick and anon he ſaw Little John,
Come tripping over the hill.
O what is the matter, then ſaid Little John,
Maſter I pray you will tell?
Why do you ſtand with your ſtaff in hand,
I fear all is not well.
O man I do ſtand, and he makes me to ſtand,
The tanner that ſtands by my ſide;
He is a bonny blade, and maſter of his trade,
For he has ſoundly tann'd my hide.
He is to be commended, then ſaid Little John,
If he ſuch a feat can do:
If he be ſo ſtout, we will have a bout,
And he ſhall tan my hide too.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
For, as I do underſtand,
He's a yeoman good, of thy own blood,
For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.
Then Little John threw his ſtaff away,
As far as he could fling,
And out ran of hand, to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling.
With loving reſpect, there was no neglect,
They were neither nice nor coy;
Each other did face, with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.
Then Robin Hood took them both by the hand,
And danced about the oak tree:
For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be.
And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
We three will be as one:
The wood it ſhall ring, and the old wife ſing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

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7. ROBIN HOOD and the JOLLY TINKER.

Tune of, In Summer Time.

IN ſummer time, when leaves grow green,
Down, a down, down,
And birds ſing on every tree,
Hey down, a down, a down,
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
Down, a down, a down.
As faſt as he could dree,
Hey down, a down, a down,
And as he came to Nottingham,
A Tinker he did meet;
And ſeeing him a luſty blade,
He did him kindly greet:
Where doſt thou dwell, quoth Robin Hood,
I pray thee now tell me;
Sad news I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.
What is the news, the Tinker ſaid;
Tell me without delay;
I am a Tinker by my trade,
And do live at Banbury.
As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
It is but as I hear,
Two Tinkers were ſet in the ſtocks,
For drinking ale and beer.
If that be all, the Tinker ſaid,
As I may ſay to you,
Your news is not worth a fart,
Since that they all be true:
For drinking of good ale and beer,
You will not loſe your part;
No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my heart.
What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me what thou doſt hear;
Being thou go'ſt from town to town,
Some news thou need'ſt not fear.
All the news I have, the Tinker ſaid,
I hear it is for good,

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It is to seek a bold outlaw,
Which they call Robin Hood.
I have a warrant from the king,
To take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he is,
I will make you a man.
The king would give an hundred pounds,
That he could but him see;
And if we can but now him get,
It will serve thee and me.
Let me see the warrant, said Robin Hood,
I will see if it be right,
And I will do the best I can,
For to take him this night.
That will I not, the Tinker said;
None with it will I trust;
And where he is, if you'll not tell,
Take him by force I must.
But Robin Hood perceiving wull,
How then the game would go,
If you will go to Nottingham,
We shall find him I know.
A crab tree staff the Tinker had,
Which was both good and strong,
Robin he had a good strong blade;
So they both went along
And when they came to Nottingham.
There they took up their inn;
And they called for ale and wine,
To drink it was no sin.
But ale and wine they drank so fast,
That the Tinker he forgot
What thing he was about to do;
It fell so to his lot.
That, while the Tinker fell asleep,
Robin made haste away,
And left the Tinker in the lurch,
For the great shot to pay.
But when the Tinker did awake,
And saw that he was gone,

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He called then for his host,
And thus he made his moan:
I had a warrant from the king,
Which might have done me good;
That is, to seek a bold outlaw,
Some call him Robin Hood;
But, now the warrant and money's gone,
Nothing I have to pay;
And he that promised to be my friend,
Is gone and fled away.
That friend you speak of, said the host,
They call him Robin Hood;
And when that he first met with you,
He meant you little good.
Had I but known it had been he,
When that I had him there,
The one of us should have try'd our might,
Which should have paid full dear.
In the mean time I will away,
No longer here I'll abide,
But I will go and seek him out,
Whatever me betide.
But one thing I would gladly know,
What here I have to pay;
Ten shillings just, then said the host,
I'll pay you without delay;
Or else take here my working bag,
And my good hammer too;
And if I light but on the knave,
I will then soon pay you.
The only way, then said the host,
And not to stand in fear,
Is to seek him among the parks,
Killing of the king's deer.
The Tinker he then went with speed,
And made then no delay,
Till he had found brave bold Robin Hood,
That they might have a fray.
At last he 'spy'd him in a park,
Hunting then of the deer;

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What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
That doth come me so nere?
No knave, no knave, the Tinker said,
And what you soon shall know,
Whether of us have done any wrong,
My crab tree staff shall show
Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
Made then of trusty steel;
But the Tinker he laid on so fast,
That he made Robin reel.
Then Robin's anger did arise,
He fought right manfully,
Until he had made the Tinker,
Then almost fit to fly.
With that they laid about again,
And [illegible] fast;
The Tinker thrash'd his bones so sore,
That he made him sick at last.
A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd,
If thou wilt grant it me;
Before I do it, the Tinker said,
I'll hang on this tree.
But the Tinker looking about him,
Robin his horn did blow,
Then came unto him Little John,
And Will. Scarlet also.
What is the matter, quoth Little John,
You fit in the highway side;
Here is a Tinker that stands by,
That hath well paid my hide,
That Tinker then, said Little John,
Fain that blade would I see,
And I would try what I can do,
If he'll do as much for me.
But Robin then he wish'd them both,
They would the quarrel cease,
That henceforth we may be as one,
And ever live at peace
And for the jovial Tinker's part,
A hundred pounds I give

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In a year to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.
In manhood he is a a mettled man,
And a mettled man by trade;
I never thought that any man,
Should have made me so afraid.
And if he will be one of us,
We will take all one fare,
And whatsoever we do get,
He shall have his full share.
So the Tinker he was content,
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take,
And so I end my song.

8. ROBIN HOOD and ALLEN-A-DALE;

Or, The Manner of *Robin Hood*'s rescuing a young Lady from an old Knight, to whom she was going to be married, and restoring her to *Allen-a-Dale*, her former Lover.

Tune of *Robin-Hood* in the Greenwood.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.
As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under a greenwood tree,
There was he aware of a brave young man,
As fine, as fine might be.
The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did trisk it over the plain,
And chanted a round-de-lay.
As Robin Hood next morning stood,

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Amongſt the leaves ſo gay,
There did he 'ſpy the ſame young man
Come drooping along the way.
The ſcarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean caſt away;
At every ſtep he fetch'd a ſigh,
Alack, and a well-a-day!
Then ſtepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge the miller's ſon;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he ſee them come.
Stand off, ſtand off, the young man ſaid,
What is your will with me?
You muſt come before our maſter ſtrait,
Under yon greenwood tree.
And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin aſked him courteouſly,
O haſt thou any money to ſpare,
For my merry men and me.
I have no money, the young man ſaid,
But five ſhillings and a ring;
And that I have kept theſe ſeven long years,
To have it at my wedding.
Yeſterday I ſhould have married a maid,
But ſhe from me was ta'en,
And choſen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is ſlain.
What is thy name, then ſaid Robin Hood,
Come, tell me without any fail?
By the faith of my body, then ſaid the young man,
My name it is Allen-a-Dale.
What wilt thou give me, ſaid Robin Hood,
In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her up unto thee?
I have no money, then quoth the young man,
Nor ready gold or fee;
But I will ſwear upon the book,
Thy true ſervant to be.
How many miles is it to thy true love?

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Come, tell me without any guile,
By the faith of my body, then said the young man,
It is but five little miles.
Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor linger,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allen should keep his wedding.
What dost thou here, the bishop then said,
I prithee now tell unto me?
I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
And the best in the north country.
O welcome, O welcome, the bishop then said,
That music best pleaseth me:
You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bride and bridegroom I see.
With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glittering gold.
This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
That you do seem to make here;
For, since we are come unto the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.
Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts two or three,
Then four and twenty bowmen bold,
Came leaping over the lee.
And when they came into the church yard,
Marching all on a row;
The first man was Allen a Dale.
To give bold Robin his bow.
This is thy true love, Robin he said,
Young Allen, as I hear say,
And you shall be marry'd at the same time.
Before we depart away.
That shall not be, the bishop he said,
For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times ask'd in the church,
As the law is of our land.
Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,

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And put it upon Little John;
By the faith of my body, then Robin he ſaid,
This cloth doth make thee a man.
When Little John went to the choir,
The people began to laugh;
He aſked them ſeven times in the church,
Leſt three times ſhould not be enough.
Who gives this maid? ſaid Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, that do I;
He that doth take her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly ſhall her buy.
And thus having ended this merry wedding,
The bride ſhe look'd like a queen;
And ſo they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongſt the leaves ſo green.

9. ROBIN HOOD and the SHEPHERD.

Shewing how *Robin Hood*, *Little John*, and the *Shepherd*, fought a ſore combat.

Tune of *Robin Hood* and *Queen Catherine*.

ALL gentlemen and yeomen good,
Down, a down, a down,
I wiſh you to draw near;
For a ſtory of bold Robin Hood,
Unto you I will declare,
Down, a down, a down.
As Robin Hood walked the foreſt along,
Some paſtime for to ſpy,
There was he aware of a jolly ſhepherd,
That on the ground did lie.
Ariſe, ariſe, ſaid jolly Robin,
And now come let me ſee,
What's in thy bag and thy bottle I ſay,
Come tell it unto me.
What's that to thee, thou proud fellow,
Tell me as I do ſtand?

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What haſt thou to do with my bottle and bag,
Let mè ſee thy command.
My ſword that hangeth by my ſide,
Is my command I know;
Come, let me taſte of thy bottle,
Or it may breed thee woe.
The Devil a drop, thou proud fellow
Of my bottle thou ſhalt ſee,
Until thy valour here be try'd,
Whether thou fight or flee.
What ſhall we fight for? ſaid Robin Hood,
Come tell ſoon unto me:
Here's twenty pounds in good red gold,
Win it, and take it thee.
The Shepherd ſtood all in amaze,
And knew not what to ſay;
I have no money, thou proud fellow,
But bag and bottle I will lay.
I am content thou Shepherd ſwain,
Fling them down on the ground;
But it will breed thee mickle pain,
To win my twenty pounds.
Come draw thy ſword, thou proud fellow,
Thou ſtandeſt too long to prate;
This hook of mine ſhall let thee know,
A coward I do hate.
So they fell to it, full hard and fore;
It was on a ſummer's day,
From ten till four in the afternoon,
The Shepherd held him in play.
Robin's buckler proved his chief defence,
And ſav'd him many a bang;
For every blow the Shepherd ſtruck,
Made Robin's ſword cry twang.
Many a ſturdy blow the Shepherd gave,
And that bold Robin found,
'Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
Then he fell to the ground.
Ariſe, ariſe, thou proud fellow,
And thou ſhalt have fair play.

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If thou wilt yield before thou go,
That I have won the day.
A boon, a boon, cry'd Robin Hood,
If that a man thou be,
Then let me have my bugle horn,
And blow out blasts three.
Then said the Shepherd to bold Robin,
To that I will agree;
For if thou should'st blow 'till to-morrow morning,
I scorn one foot to flee.
Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with might and main,
Until he 'spied Little John,
Come tripping over the plain.
Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder hill?
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill.
What is the matter, said Little John,
Master, come tell unto me?
My case is bad, said Robin Hood,
For the Shepherd hath conquer'd me.
I am glad of that, cries Little John;
Shepherd, turn thou unto me;
For a bout with thee I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.
With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it shall never be said,
That a Spepherd's hook, at thy sturdy look,
Will one jot be dismay'd.
So they fell to it full hard and fore,
Striving for victory.
I will know, says John, e'er we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.
The Shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
With the hook under the chin;
Beshrew thy heart, saith Little John,
Thou basely doth begin.
Nay, that is nothing, said the Shepherd,
Either yield to me the day.

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Or I will bang thy back and sides,
Before thou goest thy way.
What dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
That thou canst conquer me;
Nay, thou shalt know before thou go,
I'll fight before I flee.
Again the Shepherd laid on him,
The Shepherd he begun;
Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
I will yield the wager won.
With all my heart, said Little John,
To that I will agree;
For he is the flower of Shepherd swains,
The like I ne'er did see.
Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
Also of Little John;
How a Shepherd's swain did conquer them,
The like was never known.

10. The famous Battle between ROBIN HOOD and the CURTAL FRIAR, near *Fountain-Dale*.

To a Northern Tune.

IN summer, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men,
Were all disposed to play.
Then some would leap, and some would run,
And some would use artillery,
Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer to be;
Which of you can kill a buck?
Or who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of Greece,
Five hundred feet him fro?
Will Scarlet he did kill a buck,
And Midge he did kill a doe;

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And Little John kill'd a hart of Greece,
Five hundred feet him fro.
God's bleſſing on thy heart, ſaid Robin Hood,
That ſhot ſuch a ſhot for me;
I would ride my horſe an hundred miles,
To find one could match thee.
That cauſed Will. Scarlet to laugh,
He laugh'd full heartily;
There lives a Friar, near Fountain-Abbey,
Will beat both him and thee,
The Curtal Friar, in Fountain-Abbey,
Well can a ſtrong bow draw;
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row.
Robin Hood took a ſolemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
'Till the Friar he did ſee.
Robin Hood put on his harneſs good,
And on his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide,
And they became him weel.
He took his bow into his hand,
It was of a truſty tree,
With a ſheaf of arrows by his ſide,
And to Fountain-Dale went he.
And coming to fair Fountain-Dale,
No further would he ride;
There was he aware of a Curtal Friar,
Walking by the water-ſide,
The Friar had on a harneſs good,
And on his head a cap of ſteel,
Broad ſword and buckler by his ſide,
And they became him weel.
Robin Hood lighted from off his horſe,
And ty'd him to a thorn;
Carry me over the water, thou Curtal Friar
Or elſe thy life's forlorn.
The Friar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did beſtride,

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And ſpoke neither good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other ſide.
Lightly ſtept Robin off the Friar's back;
The friar ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the water, thou fine fellow,
Or it will breed thy pain.
Robin Hood took the Friar on his back,
Deep water he did beſtride,
And ſpoke neither good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other ſide.
Lightly leap'd the Friar off Robin Hood's back,
Bold Robin ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the water, thou Curtal Friar,
Or it ſhall breed thy pain.
The Friar took Robin on his back again,
And ſtept up to the knee,
And 'till he came to the middle ſtream,
Neither good nor bad ſpoke he:
And coming to the middle ſtream,
There he threw Robin in;
And chuſe thee, chuſe thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt ſink or ſwim.
Robin Hood ſwam to a bruſh of broom,
The Friar to the willow-wand;
Bold Robin he got to the ſhore,
And took his own bow in his hand.
One of the beſt arrows under his belt,
To the Friar he let fly;
The Curtal Friar with his ſteel buckler,
Did put his arrow by.
Shoot on, ſhoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou haſt begun;
If thou ſhoot here a ſummer's day,
Thy arrows I will not ſhun.
Robin Hood ſhot ſo paſſing well,
'Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their ſwords and ſteel bucklers,
And fought with might and main.
From ten o'clock that very day,
'Till four in the afternoon;

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Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
Of the Friar to beg a boon.
A boon, a boon, thou Curtal Friar,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
And to blow out blasts three.
That I will do, said the Curtal Friar,
Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
'Till both thy eyes drop out.
Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts three;
Half a hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,
Came ranging over the lee.
Whose men are these, said the Friar,
That come so hastily?
Those are mine, said Robin Hood,
Friar, what's that to thee?
A boon, a boon, said the Curtal Friar,
The like I gave to thee?
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute out whutes three;
That will I do, said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame;
Three whutes in a Friar's fist,
Would make me glad and fain.
The Friar he set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted him whutes three;
'Till half a hundred good bay dogs,
Came running over the lee.
Here is for every man a dog,
And I myself for thee.
Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
Friar, that may not be.
Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green,
From off his back they tore
And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The Curtal dogs so taught they were,

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They caught the arrows in their mouths.
Take up thy dogs, said Little John,
Friar at my bidding thee;
Whose man art thou, said the Curtal Friar,
Comes here to prate to me?
I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
Friar, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs anon,
I'll take them up and thee.
Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon half a score of the Friar's dogs,
Lay dead upon the plain.
Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the Curtal Friar,
Thy master and I will agree,
And we will have new orders taken,
With all the haste that may be.
If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain-Dale,
And Fountain-Abbey free,
Every Sunday throughout the year,
A noble shall be thy fee;
Every Sunday throughout the year,
Changed shall thy garment be;
And if thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
And there remain with me.
The Curtal Friar had kept Fountain-Dale,
Seen long years or more;
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl,
Could make him yield before.

11. ROBIN HOOD newly revived; Or, His Meeting and Fighting with his Cousin *Scarlet*.

To a New Tune.

COME listen awhile you gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are this bower within;
For a story of gallant Robin Hood,

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I purpoſe now to begin.
What time of day? quoth Robin Hood,
Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime;
Why then we will to the greenwood gang,
For we have no victuals to dine.
As Robin Hood walked the foreſt along,
It was in the midſt of the day;
There was he aware of a ſpruce young man,
As ever walked on the way.
His doublet was of ſilk he ſaid,
His ſtockings like ſcarlet ſhone;
And bravely he walked along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.
A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face;
Now the beſt of you I'll have to my dinner,
And that in a little ſpace.
Now the ſtranger he made no mickle ado,
But he bent a right good bow,
And the beſt of all the herd he ſlew,
Full forty yards him fro
Well ſhot well ſhot, ſaid Robin Hood then,
That ſhot it was in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou ſhalt be a bold yeoman of mine.
Go play the chiven, the ſtranger then ſaid,
Make haſte and quickly go,
Or with my fiſt, beſure of this,
I'll give thee buffets ſtore
Thou had'ſt not beſt buffet me, quoth Robin Hood;
For altho' I am forlorn,
Yet I have thefe will take my part,
If I do blow my horn
Thou had'ſt not beſt wind thy horn, the ſtranger ſaid,
Be'ſt thou never ſo much in haſte;
For I can draw a good broad ſword,
And quickly cut the blaſt.
Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To ſhoot, and that he would fain;
The ſtranger he bent a very good bow,

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To ſhoot at bold Robin again.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
To ſhoot it would be in vain;
For if we ſhoot the one at the other,
The one of us muſt be ſlain;
But let us take our ſwords and our broad bucklers,
And gang under yonder tree:
As I hope to be ſav'd, the ſtranger he ſaid,
One foot I will not flee
Then Robin Hood lent the ſtranger a blow,
Moſt ſcar'd him out of his wits;
Thou never felt blow, the ſtranger he ſaid,
That ſhall be better quit.
The ſtranger then with a good broad ſword,
Hit Robin on the crown,
That from every hair of bold Robin's head,
The blood it ran trickling down.
God a-mercy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,
And for this thou haſt done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art;
Tell me where thou do'ſt won?
The ſtranger then anſwer'd bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I do dwell;
In Maxfield town I was born and bred,
My name is young Gamewell;
For killing of my fatner's ſteward,
Am forced to this Engliſh wood,
And for to ſeek an unkle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.
But art thou a couſin of Robin Hood then?
The ſooner we ſhall have done;
As I hope to be ſaved, the ſtranger then ſaid,
I am his own ſiſter's ſon.
But land, what kiſſing and courting was there,
When theſe two couſins did meet!
And they went all that ſummer's day,
And Little John did not meet
But when they met with Little John,
He unto them did ſay;
Oh! maſter, pray where have you been,

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You have tarry'd so long away?
I met with a stranger, quoth Robin Hood,
Full sore he hath beaten me;
Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,
And try if he can beat me.
Oh! no, oh! no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John, it must not be so;
For he is my own dear sister's son,
And cousins I have no more;
But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
And Scarlet he shall be,
And we'll be three of the boldest outlaws,
That live in the north country.
If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,
In the second part it shall be.
Then bold Robin Hood to the north he wou'd go,
With valour and mickle might,
With sword by his side, which oft had been try'd,
To fight, and recover his right.
The first that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
His servant, he said he would be;
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove false unto me.
Thou hast not been true to sire or cuz;
Nay, marry, the Scot he said.
As true as your heart, I'll never part;
Good master be not afraid.
Then Robin Hood turned his face to the east,
Fight on my merry men stout;
Our cause is good, quoth brave Robin Hood,
And we shall not be beaten out.
The battle grew hot on every side,
The Scotch made great moan;
Quoth Jockey, 'gens faith, they fight on each side,
Wou'd I were with my wife Joan.
The enemy compass'd brave Robin about,
'Tis long e'er the battle ends;
There's neither will yield, nor give up the field.

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For both are supply'd with friends.
This song was made in Robin Hood's days;
Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace that mischief may cease,
And war may give peace unto love.

12. Renowned ROBIN HOOD; Or, His Famous Archery truly related, in the worthy Exploits he performed before *Queen Catherine*,

To a New Tune.

GOLD na'en from the king's harbinger's,
Down, a down, a down,
As seldom hath been seen,
A down, a down, a down,
And carried by bold Robin Hood,
For a present to the queen,
Down, a down, a down.
If that I live one year to an end,
Thus did queen Catherine say,
Bold Robin Hood, I'll be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay.
The queen is to her chamber gone,
As fast as she could wen;
She calls unto her lovely page;
His name was Richard Parington.
Come thou hither to me, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to me;
For thou must post to Nottingham,
As fast as thou can'st dree:
And as thou go'st to Nottingham,
Search every English wood;
Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
That can tell thee of Robin Hood.
Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,
As fast as he could wen;
And when he came to Nottingham,

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There he took up his inn.
He calls for a bottle of Rhenish wine,
And drinks a health to the queen,
Wishing he might now speedily,
Find out jolly Robin.
There sat a yeoman by his side,
Who said, sweet page, tell me,
What is thy business, and thy cause,
So far in the north country?
This is my business and my cause,
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good yeoman or another
To tell me of Robin Hood.
I'll get my horse by times in the morn,
Be it by break of day,
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.
When that he came to Robin Hood's place,
He fell down on his knee;
Queen Catherine she does greet you well,
She greets you well by me.
She bids you post to fair London court,
Not fearing any thing;
For there shall be a little sport,
And she has sent you her ring.
Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
It was of Lincoln green,
And sent it by his lovely page,
For a present to the queen.
In summer time, when leaves grow green,
'Twas a seemly sight to see,
How Robin Hood had drest himself,
And all his yeomandree.
He cloathed his men in Lincoln green,
And himself in scarlet red;
Black hats, white feathers, all alike,
Now bold Robin Hood is rid:
And when he came to London court,
He fell down on his knee;
Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the queen,

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And all thy yeomandree.
Come hither, Tepus, said the king.
Bow-bearer after me;
Come measure me out with the line,
How long our mark must be.
What is the wager? said the queen,
For that I must know here;
Three hundred ton of Rhenish wine,
Three hundred ton of beer:
Three hundred of the fattest harts,
That run on Dallam lee,
That's a princely wager, said the queen,
That I needs must tell thee.
With that bespoke one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full soon,
Measure no mark for us, most sovereign liege,
We will shoot at sun and moon.
Full fifteen score your mark shall be,
Full fifteen score shall stand;
I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,
I'll cleave the willow-wand.
With that the king's archers led about,
Till it was three to one;
With that the ladies began for to shout,
Madam, your game is gone.
A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cries,
I crave it on my knee;
Is there ever a knight of your privy council,
On queen Catherine's side will be?
Come hither to me, sir Robert Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
For I do know by thy pedigree,
Thou sprung'st from Gower's blood.
Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire,
For a noble priest was he;
By my silver mitre, said the bishop then,
I'll not bet one penny.
The king has archers of his own,
Full ready and full right;
And these be strangers every one.

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No man knows what they are.
What wilt thou bet? said Robin Hood,
Thou see'st our game's the worse;
By my silver mitre, then said the bishop,
All the money within my purse.
What's in thy purse? said Robin Hood,
Now throw it on the ground;
Ninety-nine angels, said the bishop,
It's near an hundred pounds.
Robin Hood took his bag from his side,
And threw it on the green;
Will. Scarlet then went smiling away,
I know who this money must win.
With that the king's archers led about,
While it was three to three;
With that the ladies gave a shout,
Woodcock beware thy knee.
It is three to three now, said the king,
The next three pays for all;
Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,
The king's part shall be but small.
Then Robin Hood did leap about,
He shot it underhand;
And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
He clove the willow-wand:
And little Midge, the miller's son,
He shot not much the worse;
He shot within a finger of the prick;
Now bishop, beware thy purse.
A boon, a boon, queen Cathering cries,
I crave it on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none,
That is of my party.
They shall have forty days to come,
And forty days to go,
And three times forty to sport and play,
Then welcome friend or foe.
Thou art welcome Robin Hood, said the queen,
And so is Little John,
And so is Midge the miller's son,

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Thrice welcome every one.
Is this Robin Hood, the king then ſaid,
For it was told to me,
That he was ſlain in the palace gate,
So far in the north country.
Is this Robin Hood, quoth the biſhop then,
As it ſeems well to be;
Had I known it was that bold outlaw,
I would not have bet one penny.
He took me late one Sunday night,
And bound me faſt to a tree,
And made me ſing a maſs, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.
What, and if I did, ſays Robin Hood,
Of that maſs I was full fain;
For recompence of that, he ſays,
Here's half thy gold again.
Now nay, now nay, ſays Little John,
Maſter that may not be;
We muſt give gifts to the king's officers,
That gold will ſerve thee and me.

23. ROBIN HOOD'S CHACE; Or, *A merry Progreſs between Robin Hood and King Henry.*

Tune of *Robin Hood and the Beggar.*

COME you gallants all, to you I call,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are now within this place;
For a ſong I will ſing of Henry our King,
How he did bold Robin Hood chace.
Queen Catharine ſhe then a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred ton of good red wine,
And three hundred ton of beer:
But ſhe had her archers to ſeek,
With their bows and arrows ſo good;

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But her mind it was bent, with a full intent,
To send for bold Robin Hood.
But when bold Robin Hood he came there,
Queen Catherine she did say,
Thou art welcome, Locksley, unto me,
And thou on my part must be.
If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
And all my yeomen gay,
For a match of shooting I have made,
Then hanged will I be.
But when the game came to be played,
Bold Robin won it with grace;
But after the king was angry with him,
And vow'd he would him chace.
What tho' his pardon granted was,
While he with them did stay;
But yet the king was vexed at him,
When he was gone away.
Soon after the king from court did hie,
In a furious angry mood,
And often enquired both far and near,
After bold Robin Hood.
But when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood:
O come, said he, and let me see,
Who can find bold Robin Hood?
But when bold Robin he did hear,
The king had him in chace;
Then said Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
And go to some other place.
Then away they went to merry Sherwood,
And to Yorkshire he did hie,
And the king did follow, with a hoop and a hallow,
But could not him come nigh.
Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
And went strait to Newcastle town,
And there they staid hours two or three,
And then he to Berwick was gone.
When the king did see how Robin Hood did flee,
He was vex'd wond'rous sore;

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With a hoop and a halloo, he vow'd to follow,
And take him, or never give o'er.
Come now let's away, said Little John,
Let any man follow that dare;
To Carlisle we'll hie, with our company,
And so then to Lancaster.
From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
And so did good king Henry.
But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,
For fear of some treachery.
Says Robin, come let us for London go,
To see our noble queen's face;
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the king us chace.
When Robin, he came queen Catherine before,
He fell upon his knee;
If it please your grace, I am come to this place,
To speak with king Henry.
Queen Catherine answer'd bold Robin again,
The king is gone to merry Sherwood;
And when he went away, to me did say,
He would go seek Robin Hood.
Then fare you well my gracious queen,
For to Sherwood I'll hie apace;
For fain would I see what he'd have with me,
If I could but meet with his grace.
But when king Henry he came home,
Full weary and vexed in mind;
And that he did hear Robin had been there,
He blamed dame fortune unkind.
You're welcome home, queen Catherine cry'd,
Henry, my sovereign liege;
Bold Robin Hood, the archer good,
Your person hath been to seek.
A boon, a boon, queen Catherine cry'd,
I beg it here of your grace,
To pardon his life, and seek no strife,
And so ends Robin Hood's chace.

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14. ROBIN HOOD's Golden Prize.

Shewing how he robb'd two Priests of Five Hundred Pounds.

Tune of, Robin Hood was a tall young Man.

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,
Derry, derry down,
And of brave Little John,
Of Friar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Lockſley, and Maid-marrian.
But ſuch a tale as this before,
I think was never known,
For Robin Hood diſguiſed himſelf,
And from the wood is gone:
Like to a Friar bold Robin Hood
Was accoutred in his array,
With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,
He paſſed upon the way.
He had not gone full miles two or three,
But it was his chance to ſpy,
Two luſty prieſts, clad all in black,
Come riding gallantly.
Benedict, then ſaid Robin Hood,
Some pity on me take;
Croſs you my hand with a ſingle groat,
For our dear lady's ſake.
For I have been wandering all this day,
And nothing could I get,
Not ſo much as one poor cup of drink,
Nor bit of bread to eat.
Now by our holy deame, the prieſts reply'd,
We never a penny have;
For we this morning have been rob'd,
And could no money ſave.
I am much afraid, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
That you do both tell a lie;
And now before you do go hence,
I am reſolved to try.

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When as the priests heard him say so.
Then they rode away amain;
But Robin Hood he took him to his heels,
And soon overtook them again.
Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
And pull'd them down from their horse;
O spare us, friar, the priests cry'd out,
On us have some remorse.
You said you had no money, quoth Robin,
Wherefore, without delay,
We three will fall down on our knees,
And for money we will pray.
The priests they could not him gainsay,
But down they kneel with speed:
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,
Some money to serve our need.
The priests did pray with a mournful chear,
Sometimes their hands did wring;
Sometimes they wept, and tore their hair,
Whilst Robin did merily sing.
When they had been praying an hour's space,
The priests did still lament;
Then, quoth Robin, now let us see,
What money heaven hath us sent.
We will be sharers all alike,
Of money that we have:
And there is never a one of us,
That his fellow shall deceive.
The priests their hands in their pockets put,
But money could find none;
We will search ourselves, said Robin Hood,
Each other, one by one.
Then Robin Hood took pains to search them,
And found good store of gold;
Five hundred pieces presently,
Upon the grass he told.
Here is a brave show, said Robin Hood,
Such store of gold to see;
And you each one shall have a part,
Because you prayed so heartily.

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He gave them fifty pounds a piece,
The reſt himſelf did keep;
The prieſts they durſt not ſpeak one word,
But ſighed wond'rous deep.
With that the prieſts roſe up from their knees,
Thinking to have parted ſo;
Nay, nay, ſays Robin Hood, one thing more
I have to ſay, e'er you go.
You ſhall be ſworn, ſays bold Robin Hood,
Upon this holy graſs,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way ſoever you do paſs.
The ſecond oath that you here muſt take,
That all the days of your lives,
You never ſhall tempt maids unto ſin,
Nor lie with other men's wives.
The laſt oath that you ſhall take, is this;
Be charitable to the poor:
Say, you have met with a holy friar,
And I deſire no more.
He ſet them on their horſe again,
And away then they did ride;
And he returned to the merry green-wood,
With great joy, mirth, and pride.

15. ROBIN HOOD reſcuing WILL. STUTELY from the Sheriff and his Men, who had taken him Priſoner, and were going to hang him.

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.

WHEN Robin Hood in the green-wood ſtood,
Derry, derry down,
Under the greenwood tree,
Tidings there came to him with ſpeed,
Tidings for certainty;
Hey down, derry, derry down,
That Will. Stutely furprized was,

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And eke in prison lay:
Three varlets that the king had hir'd,
Did likely him betray.
Aye, and to morrow hanged must be,
To-morrow, as soon as 'tis day;
Before they could the victory get,
Two of them did Stutely slay.
When Robin Hood did hear this news,
Lord! it did grieve him sore;
And to his merry men he did say,
Who altogether swore,
That Will. Stutely should releu'd be,
And be brought back again;
Or else should many a gallant knight,
For his sake there be slain.
He cloathed himself in scarlet then,
His men were all in green;
A finer show throughout the world,
In no place could be seen.
Good Lord! it was a gallant sight,
To see them all on a row;
With every man a good broad sword,
And eke a good yew bow.
Forth of the greenwood are they gone,
Yea, all courageously,
Resolving to bring Stutely home,
Or every man to die.
And when they came the castle near,
Wherein Will Stutely lay;
I hold it good, said Robin Hood,
We here in ambush stay,
And send one forth some news to hear,
To yonder Palmer fair
That stands under the castle wall;
Some news he may declare.
With that steps forth a lusty young man,
Which was of courage bold;
Thus did he spake to the old man,
I pray thee, Palmer old,
Tell me if thou rightly kenn,

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When muſt Will. Stutely die?
Who is one of bold Robin's men,
And here doth priſoner lie.
Alas! alas! the Palmer ſaid,
And for ever woe is me!
Will. Stutely hang'd will be this day,
On yonder gallow-tree.
O had his noble maſter known,
He would ſome ſuccour ſend;
A few of his bold yeomandree,
Full ſoon would fetch him hence.
Aye, that is true, the young man ſaid,
Aye, that is true, ſaid he;
Or if they were near to this place,
They ſoon would ſet him free.
But fare thee well, thou good old man,
Farewell, and thanks to thee:
If Stutely hanged be this day,
Reveng'd his death will be.
No ſooner was he from the Palmer gone,
But the gates were open'd wide,
And out of the caſtle Will. Stutely came,
Guarded on every ſide.
When he was forth of the caſtle come,
And ſaw no help was nigh,
Thus did he ſay unto the ſheriff,
Thus he ſaid gallantly:
Now ſeeing that I needs muſt die,
Grant me one boon ſaid he;
For my noble maſter ne'er had man,
That was yet hang'd on a tree.
Give me a ſword all in my hand,
And let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
'Till I lie dead on the ground.
But this deſire he would not grant;
His wiſhes were in vain;
For the ſheriff he ſwore he hang'd ſhould be,
And not by the ſword be ſlain.
Do but unbind my hands, he ſays,

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I will no weapons crave;
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have.
O no, no, no, the sheriff said,
Thou shalt on the gallows die;
Aye, and so shall thy master too,
If ever it in me lie.
O dastard coward, Stutely cries,
Faint-hearted, pesilent slave!
If ever my master does thee meet,
Thou shalt thy payment have.
My noble master doth thee scorn,
And all thy cowardly crew;
Such silly imps unable are,
Bold Robin to subdue.
But when he was to the gallows gone,
And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a bush steps Little John,
And comes Will. Stutely too.
I pray thee, before thou die,
Of thy dear friends take leave;
I needs must borrow him awhile,
How say you, master sheriff?
Now, as I live, the sheriff said,
That varlet well I know:
Some sturdy rebel is that same,
Therefore let him not go.
Then Little John most hastily,
Away cut Stutely's bands,
And from one of the sheriff's men,
A sword twich'd from his hands,
Here, Will, take thou this same,
Thou can'st it better sway,
And here defend thyself awhile,
For aid will come straitway.
And there they turn'd them back to back,
In the midst of them that day,
Till Robin Hood approached near,
With many an archer gay.
With that an arrow from them flew,

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I will from Robin Hood;
Make haste, make haste, the sheriff he said,
Make haste, for it is not good.
The sheriff is gone, his doughty men,
Thought it no boot to stay;
But, as their master had them taught,
They ran full fast away.
O stay, O stay, Will. Stutely said,
Take leave e'er you depart;
You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
Unless you dare him meet.
O I'll betide you, said Robin Hood,
That you so soon are gone;
My sword may in the scabbard rest,
For here our work is done.
I little thought Will. Stutely said,
When I came to this place,
For to have met with Little John,
Or seen my master's face.
Thus Stutely was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his foe:
O thanks, O thanks to my master,
Since here it was not so.
And once again, my fellows all,
We shall in the greenwood meet,
Where we will make our bow-strings twang,
Music for us most sweet.

16. The Noble FISHERMAN; Or, ROBIN HOOD's Preferment.

Tune of, In Summer Time.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
When they do grow both green and long,
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I sing my song.
When the lilly leaf, and the cowslip sweet,

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Both bud and spring with merry cheer,
This outlaw was weary of the wood side,
And chasing of the king's deer.
The fishermen brave more money have,
Than any merchant two or three,
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fisherman may be.
This outlaw call'd his merry men all,
As they sat under the greenwood tree;
If any of you have any gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me.
Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
It seems to be a holy-day:
He took up his inn at a widow woman's house,
Hard by the waters gray;
Who asked him, where wert thou born?
Or tell me where thou dost fare?
I am a poor fisherman, said he then,
This day intrapped in all care.
What is thy name, thou fine fellow,
I pray thee heartily tell to me?
In mine own country where I was born,
Men call me Simon over the lee.
Simon, Simon, said the good-wife,
I wish thou may'st well brook thy name:
The outlaw was aware of her courtesy,
And rejoiced he had got such a dame.
Simon, wilt thou be my man?
And good round wages I'll give thee;
I have as good ships of my own,
As any that sails upon the sea.
Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,
Masts and planks that are so long:
And since that thou so furnish me,
Said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.
They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sale,
More of a day than two or three.
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the sea cast he.
It will be long, said the master then,

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E'er this great lubber thrive on the sea:
He shall have no share in our fish,
For in truth he's no part worthy.
O woe is me, said Simon then,
This day that ever I came here!
I wish I were in Plumpton-park,
Chasing of the fallow deer.
For every clown laughed me to scorn,
And by me set nothing at all;
If I had them in Plumpton-park,
I would set as little by them all.
They pluck'd up anchor and away did sail,
More of a day than two or three;
But Simon 'spy'd a ship of war,
That sailed towards them vigorously.
O woe is me, said the master then,
This day that ever I was born!
For all the fish that we have got,
Is every bit lost and forlorn:
For these French robbers on the seas,
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
And lay us in a prison strong.
But Simon said, do not fear them,
Neither, master, take you care;
Give me a bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.
Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brag and boast:
If I should cast you overboard,
There is but a simple lubber lost.
Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he;
Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship hatch goeth he.
Master, tie me to the mast, he said,
That at my mark I may stand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.
He drew his arrow to the head,

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And drew it with might and main,
And ſtraight in the twinkling of an eye,
To the Frenchman's heart the arrow gain.
The Frenchman fell down on the ſhip hatch,
And under the hatches down below;
Another Frenchman that him eſpy'd,
The dead corpſe into the ſea he did throw.
O maſter, looſe me from the maſt, he ſaid,
And for them all take you no care,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I ſpare.
Then ſtrait they boarded the French ſhip,
They lying all dead in their ſight:
They found within their ſhip of war,
Twelve thouſand pounds in money bright.
The one half of the ſhip, ſaid Simon then,
I'll give to my dame and children ſmall;
The other half of the ſhip I'll give,
To you that are my fellows all.
But now beſpoke the maſter then,
So, Simon, it ſhall not be;
For you have won it with your hands,
And the owner of it you ſhall be.
It ſhall be ſo as I have ſaid;
And with this gold for the oppreſt,
An habitation I will build,
Where they ſhall live in peace and reſt.

17. ROBIN HOOD's DELIGHT; Or, A New Combat between *Robin Hood*, *Little John*, and *Will Scarlet*, with three ſtout Keepers in Sherwood Foreſt.

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.

THERE's ſome will talk of lords and knights,
Down, a down, a down,
And ſome of yeomen good;

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But I will tell you of Will Scarlet,
Little John, and Robin Hood.
They were outlaws, as 'tis well known,
And men of noble blood;
And many a time their valour was shewn,
In the forest of merry Sherwood.
Upon a time it chanced so,
As Robin Hood would have it be,
They all three would a walking go,
Some pastime for to see;
And as they walk'd the forest along,
Upon a midsummer day,
There was he aware of three foresters,
Clad all in green array.
With brave long falchions by their sides,
And forest bills in their hands;
They called aloud to these outlaws,
And charged them to stand.
Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin,
That speak so boldly here?
We three belong to king Henry,
And are keepers of his deer.
The devil you are, says Robin Hood,
I am sure it is not so;
We be the keepers of this forest,
And that you soon shall know.
Your coats of green lay on the ground,
And so we will all three,
And take your swords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.
We be content, the keepers said,
We be three and no less;
Then why should we of you be afraid,
As we never did transgress?
Why, if you be keepers in this forest,
We be three rangers good;
And will make you know before you do go,
You met with bold Robin Hood,
We be content thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try.

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And will make you know before you go,
We will fight before we fly.
Then come draw your swords, you bold outlaws,
No longer stand to prate;
But let us try it out with blows,
For cowards me do hate.
Here is one for Will. Scarlet,
And another for Little John,
And I myself for Robin Hood,
Because he is stout and strong.
So they fell to it full hand and foot;
It was on a midsummer day;
From eight of the o'clock, 'till two and past,
They all shew'd gallant play.
There Robin, Will. and Little John,
They fought most manfully,
'Till all their wind was spent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry;
O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I see you be stout men;
Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,
Then I'll fight with you again.
That bargain is to make, bold Robin Hood,
Therefore we it deny;
Thy blast upon thy bugle horn,
Can ot make us to fly.
Therefore fight on, or else begone,
And yield to us this day:
It never shall be said that we be afraid,
Of thee, or thy yeomen gay.
If that be so, cries Robin Hood,
Let me but know your names,
And in the sweet of merry Sherwood,
I will extol your fames.
And with our names, one of them said,
What hast thou here to do?
Except that thou with fight it out,
Our names thou shalt not know.
We'll fight no more, says bold Robin Hood,
You're men of valour stout;

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And come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.
With a butt of sack we will bang it about,
To see who wins the day;
And for the cost make you no doubt,
I have gold enough to pay.
And ever hereafter as long as we live,
We all will brethren be;
For I love those men with heart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.
So away they went to Nottingham,
With sack to make amends;
For three days they the wine did chace,
And drank themselves good friends.

18. ROBIN HOOD and the BEGGAR: Shewing how he and the Beggar fought, and changed Cloaths; how he went a begging to Nottingham; and how he saved three Brethren from hanging for stealing of Deer.

Tune of *Robin Hood* and the *Stranger*.

COME light and listen ye gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a story true I'll tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.
In elder times, when merriments were,
And archery was holden good,
There was an outlaw, as many do know,
Which men call Robin Hood.
Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin was merry disposed,
His time for to spend, he did intend,
Either with friend or foe.
Then he got upon a gallant steed,
The which was worth angels ten,

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With a mantle of green, moſt brave to be ſeen,
He left all his merry men;
And riding towards Nottingham,
Some paſtime for to 'ſpy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggar,
As e'er he beheld with his eye.
An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
Which he daily did uſe for to wears
And many a bag about him did wag,
Which made Robin Hood to muſe.
God ſpeed, God ſpeed, ſaid Robin Hood then,
What countryman? Tell unto me,
I am Yorkſhire, ſir, but e'er you go far,
Some charity give unto me.
I have no money, ſaid Robin Hood then,
But a ranger within the wood;
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.
But yet I muſt tell thee bonny beggar,
That a bout with thee I muſt try;
Thy coat of grey, lay down I ſay,
And my mantle of green ſhall lie by.
Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
Thy part it will be the worſe;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purſe.
The beggar he had a mickle long ſtaff,
And Robin he had a nut-brown ſword;
The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.
Fight on, fight on, ſaid Robin Hood then,
This game well pleaſeth me;
For every blow that Robin gave,
The beggar gave buffets three.
And fighting there full hardy and fore,
Not far from Nottingham town;
They never fled, 'till from Robin Hood's head,
The blood it run trickling down.
O hold thy hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
And thou and I will agree;

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If that be true, the beggar he said,
Thy mantle come give unto me.
Now a change, a change, said Robin Hood,
Thy bags and coat give me,
And this mantle of mine I'll to thee resign,
My horse and my bravery.
When Robin had got the beggar's cloaths,
He looked round about;
Methinks, said he, I seem to be,
A beggar brave and stout.
For now I have a bag for my bread,
So I have another for my corn;
I have one for my salt, another for my malt,
And one for my little horn.
And now I will a begging go,
Some charity for to find;
And if any more of Robin Hood you'll know,
In the second part it's behind.
Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee;
His staff and his coat scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily passed he.
As Robin he passed the streets along,
He heard a pitiful cry;
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to die.
Then Robin he hied to the sheriff's house,
Some relief for to seek;
He skipt and leapt, and caper'd full high,
As he went along the street.
But when to the sheriff's house he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave;
Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me,
What it is thou would'st have?
No meat, nor drink, said Robin Hood then,
That I come here to crave;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I this would have.
That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
The fact is so clear;

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I tell to thee, this hanged must be,
For kealing our king's deer.
But when to the gallows they did come,
There was many a weeping eye.
O hold your peace, said Robin then,
For certain they shall not die.
Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blasts three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave,
Came kneeling down to his knee.
What is your will, master? said they,
We are at thy command.
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin then,
And see you spare no man.
Then they shot east, and they shot west,
Their arrows were so keen,
The sheriff he and his company,
No longer could be seen.
Then he stept to these brethren three,
And away he had them ta'en;
The sheriff was cast, and many a man lost,
That dead lay on the plain.
And away they went to the merry greenwood,
And sung with merry glee,
And Robin Hood took these brethren good,
To be of his yeomandree.

19. ROBIN HOOD, WILL. SCARLET, and LITTLE JOHN; Or, A Narrative of the Victory obtained against the Prince of *Aragon*, and the two *Giants*; and how *Will. Scarlet* married the Princess.

To a Northern Tune.

NOW Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, and Little John,
Are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck, which Will. Scarlet,
With his strong bow had slain.

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Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
The day it runs full fast;
For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
I have not broke my fast.
Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
I think it wond'rous good,
Where my nephew, my bold yeoman,
Shall be welcom'd unto the greenwood.
With that he took the bugle horn,
Full well he could it blow;
Strait from the woods came marching down,
One hundred tall fellows and more.
Stand, stand to your arms, cries Will. Scarlet,
Lo! the enemies are within ken:
With that Robin Hood he laughed aloud,
Crying, they are my bold yeomen.
Who when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,
Crying, master, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did sound so shrill.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
The danger is past and gone;
I would have you welcome my nephew here,
That have paid me two for one.
In feasting and sporting they spent the day,
'Till Phœbus sunk into the deep,
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
His guard there for to keep.
Long had they not walked within the greenwood,
But Robin he was espy'd,
Of a beautiful damsel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.
Her riding suit was of sable-hue-black,
Cypress over her face,
Through which her rose-like cheek did blush,
And all with a comely grace.
Come, tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me right,
From whence thou com'st, and whither thou go'st,
All in this mournful plight?

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From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
From London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O grief to tell!
Besieged with foreign arms.
By the prince of Arragon,
Who swears by his martial hand,
To have the princess to his spouse,
Or else to waste this land:
Except the champions can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Against the prince and giants twain,
Most horrid for to see;
Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terror where they come;
With serpents hissing on their helms,
Instead of feather'd plume.
The princess shall be the victor's prize,
The king has vow'd and said;
And he that shall the conquest win,
Shall have her to be his bride.
Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
To the east, west, north, and south,
To try whose fortune is so good,
To find these champions forth.
But all in vain we have sought about,
For none so bold there are,
That dare venture life and blood,
To free a lady fair.
When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me this and more:
On midsummer next the damsel said,
Which is June the twenty-four.
With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And silent was her tongue:
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
And away her palfrey sprung.
This news struck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the grass;
His sighs and his troubled mind,
Shew'd he perplexed was.

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Where lies your grief? quoth Will. Scarlet,
O, master, tell to me?
If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She does not cause my smart;
But 'tis the poor distress'd princess
That wounds me to the heart.
I'll go fight the giants all,
To set the lady free.
The d——l take my soul, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.
Must I stay behind? quoth Will. Scarlet,
No, no, that must not be;
I'll make the third man in the fight,
So we will be three to three.
These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy shone upon his face:
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
And kindly did embrace.
Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey,
With long staves in our hands;
A scrip and bottle by our sides,
As come from the holy lands.
So may we pass along the high way,
None will ask us from whence we came;
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men.
Now they are on a journey gone,
As fast as they may speed;
Yet for all their haste ere they arriv'd,
The princess forth was led,
To be deliver'd to the prince,
Who in the list did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
His lady by the hand.
With that he walk'd about the list,
With giants by his side;
Bring forth, said he, your champions,
Or bring me forth my bride.

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This is the four-and-twentieth day,
The day prefix'd upon;
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I swear by Alcoran.
Then cries the king and queen likewise,
Both weeping as they spake,
Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forsake.
With that steps out bold Robin Hood,
Cries my liege, it must not be so;
Such a beauty as the fair princess,
Is not for a tyrant's mow.
The prince he then began to storm;
Cries, fool, fanatic, babboon!
How dare you stop my valour's pride?
I'll kill thee with a frown.
Thou tyrant, Turk, thou Infidel,
Thus Robin began to reply;
Thy frowns I scorn; lo, here's my gage,
And thus I thee defy.
And for those two Goliah's there,
That stand on either side;
Here are two little Davids by,
That soon can tame their pride.
Then the king did for armour send,
For lances, swords, and shields;
And thus all three in armour bright
Came marching into the field.
The trumpets began to sound a charge,
Each singled out his man;
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,
Blood sprung from every vein.
The prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
He struck with might and main,
Which made him reel about the field,
As though he had been slain.
God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow,
The quarrel shall soon be try'd;
This stroke shall shew a full divorce,
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

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So from his shoulders he cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall;
And grumbled sore at Robin Hood,
To be dealt so withal.
The giants then began to rage,
To see their prince lie dead;
Thou wilt be the next, says Little John,
Unless thou guard thy head.
With that his falchion he whirl'd about,
It was both keen and sharp;
He clove the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.
Will Scarlet well had play'd his part,
The giant he brought to his knee;
Quoth Will, the devil cannot break his fall
Unless he have you all three.
So with his falchion he run him through,
A deep and ghastly wound;
Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.
Now all the links with shouts were fill'd,
The skies they did resound,
Which brought the princess to herself,
Who had fallen into a swoon.
The king and queen, and princes fair,
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them further grace.
Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus disguised came?
Whose valour speaks that noble blood,
Doth run through every vein.
A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave;
By my crown, quoth the king, I grant,
Ask what, and thou shalt have.
Then pardon I ask for merry men,
Which are in the greenwood;
For Little John and Will Scarlet,
And for me, bold Robin Hood.

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Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the king,
For thy valour thou haſt ſhewn,
Your pardon I do freely grant,
And welcome every one.
The princeſs I promis'd the victor's prize;
She cannot have you all three:
She ſhall chuſe, quoth Robin; ſaid Little John,
Then little ſhare falls to me.
Then did the princeſs view all three,
With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will. Scarlet by the hand,
Saying, here I make my choice.
With that a noble lord ſtept forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will. Scarlet in the face,
Then wept moſt bitterly.
Quoth he, I had a ſon like thee,
Whom I lov'd wond'rous well;
But he is gone, and rather dead,
His name is young Gamewell.
Then did Will. Scarlet fall on his knees,
Cries, father, father, here;
Here kneels your ſon, your young Gamewell,
You ſaid you lov'd ſo dear.
But, lord, what embracing and kiſſing was there,
When all theſe friends were met!
They are are gone to the wedding, and ſo to bedding,
And ſo I bid you good night.

20. LITTLE JOHN and the four BEGGARS: Shewing how he went a begging, and fought with four Beggars, and what a Prize he got from them.

Tune of *Robin Hood* and the *Beggar*.

ALL you that delight to ſpend ſome time,
With a hey down, and a down,
A merry ſong for to ſing,

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Unto me draw near, you shall hear,
How Little John went a begging.
As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
And all his yeomandree;
Says Robin, some of you a begging must go,
And, Little John, it must be thee,
Says John, if I must a begging go,
I will have a Palmer's weed,
With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sorts,
The better then shall I speed.
Come, now give me a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheese,
And one for a penny, if I get any,
That nothing I may lose.
Now Little John is a begging gone,
Seeking for some relief;
But of all the beggars he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.
But as he was walking himself alone,
Four beggars he chanced to 'spy;
Some deaf, some blind, some came behind;
Says John, here's a brave company.
Good-morrow, said John, my brethren dear,
Good fortune I had you to see;
Which way do you go, pray let me know,
For I want some company.
O what is here to do? said Little John;
Why ring all these bells? said he,
What dog is hanging? come let us be ganging,
That we the truth may see.
Here is no dog, one of them said,
Good fellow I tell unto thee;
But here is one dead that will give us cheese and bread,
And it may be one penny.
We have brethren in London, another said,
So we have at Coventry,
In Berwick and Dover, and all the world over,
But ne'er a crook'd carl like thee.
Therefore stand thee back, thou crook'd carl,
And that knock on the crown;

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Nay, says Little John, I'll not be gone,
For a bout I will have of you round.
Now have at you all, said Little John,
If you be so full of your blows:
Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
Whether you be friends or foes,
John nip'd the dumb, and made him roar,
And the blind that could not see;
And he that had been a cripple for seven years,
He made run faster than he.
And flinging them all against the wall,
With many a sturdy bang;
It made John to sing, to hear the gold ring,
And against the walls cry twang.
Then he got out of the beggar's cloak,
Three hundred pounds in gold:
Good fortune had I, said Little John,
Such a fight for to behold:
But found he in the beggar's bag,
But three hundred and three;
If I drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may I die.
And my begging trade I will now give over,
My fortune hath been so good;
Therefore I will not stay, but I will away
To the forest of merry Sherwood.
And when to the forest of Sherwood he came,
He quickly there did see
Bold Robin Hood, his master good,
And all his company.
What news? What news? said Robin Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me,
How hast thou sped with thy beggar's trade,
For that I fain would see?
No news but good, said Little John,
With begging full well have I sped;
Three hundred and three have I here for thee,
In silver and gold so red.
Then Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
And danc'd about the oak tree:

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If we drink water while this doth laſt,
Then an ill death may we die.
So to conclude my merry new ſong,
All you that delight to ſing,
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

21. ROBIN HOOD and the RANGER; Or, True Friendſhip after a fierce Fight.

Tune of Arthur-a-Bland.

WHEN Phœbus had melted the fickles of ice,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
And likewiſe the mountains of ſnow,
Bold Robin he, would ramble to ſee,
To frolic abroad with his bow.
He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilſt through the green vallies he paſs'd,
There did he behold a foreſter bold,
Who cry'd out, friend, whither ſo faſt.
I am going, quoth Robin to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Beſides e'er I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or elſe it ſhall coſt me a fall.
You'd beſt have a care, ſaid the foreſter then,
For theſe are his majeſty's deer:
Before you ſhall ſhoot, the thing I'll diſpute,
For I am head foreſter here.
Theſe thirteen long ſummers, ſaid Robin I'm ſure,
My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range, methinks it is ſtrange,
You ſhould have more power than I,
This foreſt, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
And ſo are the nimble deer too;
Therefore I declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
I'll not be affronted by you.
The foreſter he had a long quarter ſtaff,

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Likewise a broad sword by his side;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be try'd.
Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
Thus e'er he would take any wrong;
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,
And thus they went to it ding dong.
The very next blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang;
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead;
O that was a damnable bang!
But Robin he soon did recover himself,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next stroke their weapons they broke,
Yet never a man there was slain:
At quarter staff then they resolved to play,
Because they would have t'other bout:
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.
Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other rest in'd them as fast;
At every stroke their jackets did smoke,
Three hours the combat did last.
At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
And cudgell'd bold Robin so sore,
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He said, let us freely give o'er.
Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess,
I never knew any so good;
Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry greenwood.
I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou hast acted thy part:
That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love with all my whole heart.
Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
A blast he merrily blew;
His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,
A hundred with trusty long bows.
Now Little John came at the head of them all,

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Cloth'd in a rich mantle of green;
And likewiſe the reſt were gloriouſly dreſt,
A delicate ſight to be ſeen!
Lo! theſe are my yeomen, ſaid Robin Hood;
Thou ſhalt be one of the train;
A mantle and bow, a quiver alſo,
I give them who I entertain.
The foreſter willingly enter'd the liſt,
They were ſuch a beautiful ſight;
Then with a long bow they ſhot a fat doe,
And made a rich ſupper that night.
What ſinging and dancing was in the greenwood,
For joy of another new mate!
With mirth and delight they ſpent all the night,
And liv'd at a bountiful rate.
The foreſter ne'er was ſo merry before,
As then he was with theſe brave ſouls;
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,
To take off their cheriſhing bowls.
Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows, and a curio s long bow;
This done, the next day, ſo gallant and gay,
He marched them all on a row.
Quoth he, my bold yeomen be true to your truſt,
And then we may range the woods wide;
They all did declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
To conquer or die by his ſide.

22. ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN; Being an account of their firſt Meeting; their firſt Encounter and Conqueſt. To which is added, their friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called Little John.

Tune of, Arthur-a-Bland.

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
He happened to meet Little John,

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A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man. [large,
Though he was called Little, his limbs they were
And his stature was seven feet high:
Wherever he came they quak'd at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.
How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you would but listen awhile;
For this very jest, among the rest,
I think may cause you to smile.
For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
Pray tarry you here in the grove;
And see that you all observe well my call,
While through the forest I rove.
We have had no sport these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad I will go:
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.
Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good bye;
Then as near a brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanc'd to espy.
They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll shew you right Nottingham play.
With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose wing;
The stranger reply'd, I'll licker thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the string.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou dost prate like an ass;
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart quite through thy proud heart,
Before thou could'st strike me one blow.
Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd,
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but my staff in my hand.
The name of a coward, quoth Robin I scorn,
Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by;

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And now, for thy ſake, a ſtaff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.
Then Robin Hood ſtep'd to a thicket of trees,
And choſe him a ſtaff of ground oak;
Now this thing being done, away he did run,
To the ſtranger, and merrily ſpoke:
Lo! ſee my ſtaff is luſty and tough;
Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other ſhall win,
The battle, and ſo we'll away.
With all my whole heart, the ſtranger reply'd,
I ſcorn in the leaſt to give out:
This ſaid, they fell to't without more diſpute,
And their ſtaffs they did flouriſh about.
At firſt Robin gave the ſtranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring;
The ſtranger he ſaid, this muſt be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring;
So long as I'm able to handle a ſtaff,
To die in your debt, friend, I ſcorn:
Then to it both goes, and follows their blows,
As if they had been traſhing of corn.
The ſtranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which cauſed the blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd, more ſeverely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more ſevere.
So thick and ſo faſt he did lay it on him,
With a paſſionate fury and ire;
At every ſtroke, he made him to ſmoke,
As if he had been all on fire.
O then in a fury the ſtranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow, which laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.
I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?
The ſtranger in laughter, he cry'd:
Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.
I needs muſt acknowledge thou art a brave ſoul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;

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For needs muſt I ſay, thou haſt got the day,
Our battle ſhall be at an end.
Then unto the bank he did preſently wade,
And pull'd himſelf out by a thorn;
Which done, at the laſt, he blew out a blaſt,
Straitway on his fine bugle horn:
The echo of which through the valley did ring,
At which his ſtout bowmen appear'd,
All cloathed in green, moſt gay to be ſeen,
So up to their maſter they ſteer'd.
O what is the matter, quoth Will. Stutely,
Good maſter you are wet to the ſkin?
No matter, quoth he, the lad that you ſee,
In fighting hath tumbled me in.
He ſhall not go ſcot free, the other reply'd,
So ſtrait they were ſeizing him there;
To duck him likewiſe, but Robin Hood cries,
He is a ſtout fellow, forbear.
There's no one ſhall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;
Theſe bowmen upon me do wait;
There's threeſcore and nine, if thou wilt be mine,
Thou ſhalt have my livery ſtrait.
And other accoutrements fitting alſo,
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;
I'll teach you alſo, the uſe of the long bow,
To ſhoot at the fat fallow deer.
O here is my hand, the ſtranger reply'd,
I'll ſerve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,
Ne'er doubt me, but I'll play my part.
His name ſhall be alter'd, quoth Will. Stutely,
And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feaſt, and none of the leaſt,
For we will be merry quoth he.
They preſently fetch'd in a brace of fat does,
With humming ſtrong liquor likewiſe;
They lov'd what was good; ſo in the greenwood
This pretty ſweet babe they baptized.
He was, I muſt tell you, but ſeven feet high,
And may be an ell in the waiſt;

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He was a sweet lad, much feasting they had;
Bold Robin the christening grac'd.
With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely came then with seven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed.
This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
Which name shall be changed anon;
The words we'll transpose; so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John.
They all with a shout made the elements ring;
So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went, with true merriment.
And tippled strong liquors gillore.
Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to toe,
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.
Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the greenwood with us,
For we will not want gold, nor silver behold,
While bishops have ought in their purse.
We live here like squires or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land;
We feast oft good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And every thing at our command.
Then musick and dancing did finish the day,
At length when the sun waxed old,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.
And so ever after as long as they liv'd,
Although he was proper and tall;
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.

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23. The *Bishop* of *Hereford's* Entertainment, by ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN, &c. in merry *Barnsdale*.

Tune of, In Summer Time.

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold;
But I'll you how he serv'd the bishop of Hereford,
When he robbed him of all his gold.
As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
And under the greenwood tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.
Come kill a ven'son, says bold Robin Hood,
Come kill me a good fat deer;
The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me this day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer.
We'll kill a fat ven'son, says bold Robin Hood
And dress it by the highway side;
And we'll watch the bishop narrowly,
Least some other way he should ride.
Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's attire,
With six of his men also;
And when the bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.
O what is the matter, then said the bishop,
Or for whom do you make this ado?
Or why do you kill the king's fallow ven'son,
When your company is so few?
We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer.
You are brave fellows said the bishop,
And the king of your doings shall know,
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go.
O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,

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O pardon, I thee pray;
For it becomes not your lordſhip's coat,
To take ſo many lives away.
No pardon, no pardon, ſaid the biſhop,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me,
For before our king you ſhall go.
Then Robin ſet his back againſt a tree,
And his foot againſt a thorn,
And from underneath his ſhepherd's coat,
He pull'd out a bugle horn.
He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blaſt he did blow,
'Till threeſcore and ten of bold Robin's men,
Come running all on a row;
All making obedience to bold Robin Hood,
'Twas a comely ſight to ſee.
What is the matter, maſter, ſaid Little John,
That you blow ſo haſtily?
O here is the biſhop of Hereford,
And no pardon we ſhall have.
Cut off his head, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And throw him into his grave.
O pardon, O pardon, ſaid the biſhop,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone ſome other way.
No pardon, no pardon, ſaid Robin Hood,
No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haſte, and come along with me,
For to merry Barnſdale you ſhall go.
Then Robin he took the biſhop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnſdale;
He made him to ſtay and ſup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.
Call in a reckoning, ſaid the biſhop,
For methinks it gets wond'rous high;
Lend me your purſe, maſter, ſaid Little John,
And I'll tell you by and by.
Then Little John took the biſhop's cloak,

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And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmanteau,
He told three hundred pound.
Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
And a comely sight 'tis to see;
It makes me in charity with the bishop,
Tho' he heartily loweth not me.
Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play;
He made the bishop to dance in his boots,
And glad he could get so away.

24. ROBIN HOOD rescuing the three 'SQUIRES from Nottingham Gallows.

Tune of *Robin Hood* and the *Stranger*.

BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forest all round,
The forest all round ranged he,
O there did he meet with a gay lady,
She came weeping along the highway.
Why weep you, why weep you, bold Robin he said,
What weep you for gold or fee,
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
That is taken from your body?
I weep not for gold the lady reply'd,
Neither do I weep for fee,
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
That is taken from my body.
What weep you for then, said jolly Robin,
I prithee come tell unto me?
Oh! I do weep for my three sons,
For they are all condemned to die.
What church have they robbed, said jolly Robin,
Or parish priest have they slain?
What maids have they forced against their will,
Or with other men's wives have they lain?
No church have they robbed, this lady reply'd,

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Nor parish priest have they slain,
Nō maids have they forced against will,
Nor with other men's wives have lain.
What have they done then, said jolly Robin,
Come tell me most speedily?
Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow deer,
And they are all condemned to die.
Get you home, yet you home, said jolly Robin,
Get you home most speedily,
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
For the sake of the 'squires all three.
Then bold Robin for Nottingham goes,
For Nottingham town goes he;
There did he meet with a poor beggar-man,
He came creeping along the highway.
What news, what news, thou old beggar-man,
What news, come tell unto me?
O there is weeping and wailing in fair Nottingham,
For the death of the 'squires all three.
This beggar-man had a coat on his back,
'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
Bold Robin Hood thought it no disgrace,
To be in a beggar-man's stead.
Come pull off thy coat thou old beggar-man,
And you shall put on mine;
And forty good shillings I'll give thee to boot,
Besides brandy, good beer, ale, and wine.
Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham come,
Unto Nottingham town came he,
O there did he meet with great master sheriff,
And likewise the 'squires all three.
One boon, one boon, says jolly Robin,
One boon I beg on my knee,
That as for the death of these three 'squires,
Their hangman I man be.
Soon granted, soon granted, says master sheriff,
Soon granted unto thee;
And you shall have all their gay cloathing,
Aye, and all their white money.
O I will have none of their gay cloathing,

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Nor none of their white money;
But I'll have three baſts on my bugle horn,
That their ſouls to heaven may flee.
Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows ſo high,
Where he blew both loud and ſhrill,
'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,
Came marching down the green hill.
Whoſe men are theſe, ſays great maſter ſheriff,
Whoſe men are they tell unto me?
O they are mine, but none of thine,
And they're come for the 'ſquires all three.
O take them, O take them, ſays great maſter ſheriff,
O take them along with thee;
For there's never a man in Nottingham,
Can do the like of thee.

25. The KING's Diſguiſe and Friendſhip with ROBIN HOOD.

To a Northern Tune.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks,
Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd, and more deſired,
To ſee both him and them.
Then with a dozen of his lords,
To Nottingham he rode;
When he came there, he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.
He having ſtaid there ſome time,
But had no hopes to ſpeed,
He and his lords, with one accord,
All put on monk's weeds.
From Fountain-Abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnſdale;
Where Robin Hood prepared ſtood,
All company to aſſail.
The king was higher than the reſt,

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And Robin thought he had,
An abbot been, whom he had seen,
To rob him he was glad.
He took the king's horse by the head,
Abbot, says he, abide;
I am bound to rue such knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.
But we are messengers from the king,
The king himself did say;
Near to this place his royal grace,
To speak with thee does stay.
God save the king, says Robin Hood,
And all that wish him well;
He that does deny his sovereignty,
I wish he was in hell.
Thyself thou curses, said the king,
For thou a traitor art:
Nay, but that you are his messenger,
I swear you lie in heart.
For I never yet hurt any man,
That honest is and true;
But those that give their minds to live,
Upon other men's due.
I never hurt the husbandman,
That use to till the ground;
Nor spill the blood, that range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.
My chiefest spite to clergy is,
Who in these days bear a great sway;
With friars and monks, with their chiefest spunks,
I make my chiefest prey.
But I am very glad, said Robin Hood,
That I have met you here:
Come, before we end, you shall my friend,
Taste of our greenwood cheer.
The king then he did marvel much,
And so did all his men;
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer,
Robin would provide for them.
Robin took the king's horse by the head,

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And led him to the tent;
Thou would not be so used, quoth he,
But that my king he thee sent.
Nay, more than that, said Robin Hood,
For good king Richard's sake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take.
Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow,
Till an hundred and ten of bold Robin's men,
Came marching all on a row.
And when they came bold Robin before,
Each man did bend his knee:
O thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
And a seemly sight to see.
Within himself the king did say,
These men of Robin Hood's,
More humble be, than mine to me;
So the court may learn of the woods.
So then they all to dinner went,
Upon a carpet green;
Black, yellow, red, fine mingled,
Most curious to be seen.
Venison and fowls were plenty there,
With fish out of the river;
King Richard swore, on sea and shore,
He ne'er was feasted better.
Then Robin takes a cann of ale,
Come let us now begin;
Come every man shall have his cann,
Here's a health unto the king.
The king himself did drink to the king;
So round about it went,
Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
To pledge that health were spent.
And after that a bowl of wine,
In his hand took Robin Hood,
Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he,
While I live in the greenwood.
Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,

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And with the grey goose wing,
Such sport now shew, as you would do,
In the presence of the king.
They shewed such brave archery,
By cleaving sticks and wands,
That the king did say, such men as they,
Live not in many lands.
Well, Robin Hood then says the king,
If I could thy pardon get,
To serve the king in every thing,
Would'st thou thy mind firm set?
Yes, with all my heart, bold Robin said,
So they flung off their hoods,
To serve the king, in every thing,
They swore they would spend their blood.
For a clergyman was my first bane,
Which makes me hate them all;
But if you'll be so kind to me,
Love them again I shall.
The king no longer could forbear,
For he was mov'd with truth;
I am thy king, thy sovereign king,
That appears before you all.
When Robin saw that it was he,
Strait then he down did fall;
Stand up again, then said the king,
I'll thee thy pardon give;
Stand up, my friend, who can contend,
When I give leave to live?
So they are gone to Nottingham,
All shouting as they came;
But when the people them did see,
They thought the king was slain.
And for that cause the outlaws were come,
To rule all as they list;
And for to shun, which way they run,
The people did not wist.
The plowman left his plow in the field,
The smith ran from his shop;
Old folks also, that scarce could go,

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Over their ſticks did hop.
The king ſoon let them underſtand,
He had been in the greenwood;
And from that day for evermore,
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.
When the people they did hear,
And the truth was known;
They all did ſing, god ſave the king,
Hang care the town's our own.
What's that Robin Hood? then ſaid the ſheriff,
That varlet do I hate;
Both me and mine, he cauſed to dine,
And ſerv'd us all with one plate.
Ho, ho, ſaid Robin, I know what you mean,
Come take your gold again;
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
And ſo with every man.
Now, maſter ſheriff you are paid;
And ſince you are beginner,
As well as you, give me my due,
For you ne'er paid me for my dinner.
But if that you ſhould pleaſe the king,
So much your houſe to grace;
To ſup with you, for to ſpeak true,
I know you ne'er was baſe.
The ſheriff could not gainſay,
For a trick was put upon him;
A ſupper was dreſt, the king was gueſt,
But he thought it would have undone him.
They are all gone to London court,
Robin Hood, with all his train:
He once was there a noble peer,
And now he's there again.
Many ſuch pranks brave Robin play'd,
While he liv'd in the greenwood.
Now, my friends attend, and hear an end,
Of honeſt Robin Hood.

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26. ROBIN HOOD and the GOLDEN ARROW.

WHEN the sheriff of Nottingham,
Was come with mickle grief,
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
That strong and sturdy thief.
Fal la dal de.

So unto London rode he post,
His losses to unfold,
To king Richard, who did regard
The tale that he had told.
Why, quoth the king, what shall I do?
Art thou not sheriff for me?
The law is in force, go take thy course
Of them that injure thee.
Go get thee gone, and by thyself,
Devise some tricking game,
For to enthral yon rebels all,
Go take thy course with them.
So away the sheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
Of the words of the king, and how the thing
To pass might well be brought;
For within his mind he imagined,
That when such matches were,
Those outlaws stout, without all doubt,
Would be the bowmen there.
So an arrow with a golden head,
And shaft of silver white,
Who won the day should bear away,
For his own proper right.
Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,
Under the greenwood tree;
Come, prepare you then my merry men,
We'll go yon sport to see.
With that stept forth a brave young man,
David of Doncaster;
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,

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From the greenwood we'll not ſtir.
To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd,
Yon match it is a wile;
The ſheriff, I wiſt, deviſes this,
Us archers to beguile.
Thou ſmells of a coward, ſaid Robin Hood;
Thy words does not pleaſe me;
Come on't what will, I'll try my ſkill,
At yon brave archery.
Then beſpoke brave Little John,
Come let us hither gang;
Come liſten to me, how it ſhall be,
That we need not be ken'd.
Our mantles all of Lincoln green,
Behind us we will leave;
We'll dreſs us all ſo ſeveral,
They ſhall not us perceive.
One ſhall wear white, another red,
One yellow, another blue;
Thus in diſguiſe, in the exerciſe,
We'll gang, whate'er enſue.
Forth from the greenwood they are gone,
With hearts full firm and ſtout;
Reſolving with the ſheriff's men,
To have a hearty bout.
So themſelves they mixed with the reſt,
To prevent all ſuſpicion;
For if they ſhould together hold,
They thought it no diſcretion.
So the ſheriff looking round about,
Amongſt eight hundred men,
But could not ſee the ſight that he,
That he had long ſuſpected then.
Some ſaid, if Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot,
Sure none of them could paſs theſe men,
So bravely they do ſhoot.
Aye, quoth the ſheriff, and ſcratch'd his head,
I thought he would have been here;

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I thought he would, but though he's bold,
He durst not now appear.
O that word grieved Robin Hood to the heart,
He vexed in his blood:
E'er long, thought he, thou shalt well see,
That here was Robin Hood.
Some cry'd blue jackets, another cry'd brown,
And the third cry'd brave yellow;
But the fourth man said, yon man in red,
In this place hath no fellow.
For that was Robin Hood himself,
For he was cloath'd in red;
At every shot the prize he got,
For he was both sure and dead.
So the arrow with the golden head,
And shaft of silver white,
Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him,
For his own proper right.
These outlaws there that very day,
To shun all kind of doubt,
By three or four, no less nor more,
As they went in, came out.
Until they all assembled were,
Under the greenwood shade,
Where they relate in pleasant sport,
What brave pastime they made.
Says Robin Hood, all my care is,
How that yon sheriff may
Know certainly, that it was I,
That bore his arrow away.
Says Little John, my counsel's good,
Did take effect before;
So therefore now, if you'll allow,
I will advise once more.
Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,
Thy wit's both quick and sound.
This I advise, said Little John,
That a letter shall be penn'd;
And when it is done, to Nottingham,

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You to the sheriff shall send.
That is well advised, said Robin Hood,
But how must it be sent?
Pugh! when you please, its done with ease,
Master, be you content.
I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
And shoot it into town:
The mark shall shew where it will go,
Whenever it lights down.
The project it was full performed;
The sheriff that letter had,
Which when he read, he scratch'd his head,
And rav'd like one that's mad.
So we'll leave him chafing in his grease,
Which will do him no good:
Now my friends attend, and hear an end,
Of honest Robin Hood.

27. ROBIN HOOD and the valiant KNIGHT, together with an Account of his Death and Burial.

Tune of, Robin Hood and the fifteen Foresters.

WHEN Robin Hood and his merry men all,
Derry, derry down,
Had reigned many years,
The king was told they had been bold,
To his bishops and noble peers,
Hey down, derry, derry down.
Therefore they call'd a council of state,
To know what was to be done,
For to quell their pride, or else they reply'd,
The land would be over-run.
Having consulted a whole summer's day,

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At length it was agreed,
That one ſhould be ſent to try the event,
And fetch him away with ſpeed.
Therefore a truſty and worthy knight,
The king was pleas'd to call;
Sir William by name, when to him he came,
He told him his pleaſure all.
Go from hence to bold Robin Hood,
And bid him without more ado,
Surrender himſelf, or elſe the proud elf,
Shall ſuffer with all his crew.
Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
All choſen men of might,
Of excellent art, for to take thy part,
In glittering armour bright.
Then ſaid the knight, my ſovereign liege,
By me they ſhall be led;
I'll venture my blood againſt Robin Hood,
And bring him alive or dead.
One hundred men were choſen ſtrait,
And proper as e'er men ſaw;
On midſummer-day they marched away,
To conquer that brave outlaw.
With long yew bows, and ſhining ſpears,
They marched in mickle pride,
And never delay'd, nor halted, nor ſtay'd,
'Till they came to the greenwood ſide.
Said he to his archers, tarry here,
Your bows make ready all,
That if need ſhould be, you may follow me,
And ſee that you obſerve my call.
I'll go in perſon firſt, he cry'd,
With the letters of my good king;
Well ſign'd and ſeal'd, and if he will yield,
We will not draw one ſtring.
He wander'd about, till at length he came
To the tent of Robin Hood;
The letters he ſhews, bold Robin aroſe,
And there on his guard he ſtood.

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They'd have me ſurrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,
And lie at their mercy then;
But tell them from me, that never ſhall be,
While I have full ſeven ſcore men.
Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
Did offer to ſeize him there;
Which Wm. Lockſley by fortune did ſee,
And bid him that trick forbear.
Then Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
And blew a blaſt or twain,
And ſo did the knight, at which there in fight,
The archers came all amain.
Sir William with care he drew up his men,
And plac'd them in battle array;
Bold Robin we find, he was not behind,
Now this was a bloody fray.
The archers on both ſides bent their bows,
And the clouds of arrows flew;
The very firſt ſight that honoured the knight,
Did there bid the world adieu.
Yet nevertheleſs their fight did laſt,
From morning till almoſt noon;
Both parties were ſtout, and loth to give out;
This was on the firſt of June.
At length they went off; one party they went
For London, with right good will;
And Robin Hood to the greenwood tree,
And there he was taken ill.
He ſent for a monk, who let him blood,
And took his life away.
Now this being done, his archers they run,
It was not a time to ſtay.
Some went on board and croſs'd the ſeas,
To Flanders, France, and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
But ſoon returned again.
Thus he, that never fear'd bow nor ſpear,
Was murder'd by letting of blood.
And ſo loving friends, the ſtory doth end.

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Of valiant bold Robin Hood.
There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
Which, reader, here you have;
To this very day, read it you may,
As it was upon his grave.

ROBIN HOOD'S EPITAPH.

Set on his *Tomb*, by the Prioress of *Birkſley Monaſtry*, in *YORKSHIRE*.

ROBIN Earl of *Huntingdon*,
Lies under this little Stone;
No *Archer* was like him ſo good;
His Wildneſs nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.
Full thirty Years, and ſomething more,
Theſe Northern Parts he vexed ſore,
Such *Outlaws* as he and his Men,
May *England* never know again.

FINIS.

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